

2 Months Ago (No longer canon to my AU)

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by [AxolKat42](#)

Summary

Old Punch-Out one shot I made before I actually mapped out the plot of my AU. I'm not gonna delete it though, since I still kinda like how this turned out.

Notes

I would post this as the first part of the actual fic, but I haven't written the first chapter yet and AO3 always adds this annoying ass text that says "Chapter (insert number here)" before the title of each part. I know I can remove it by using skins, but it's spring break and I'm feeling kinda lazy, so I'll post this separately before adding this to a series when I get chapters 1 and 2 written.

(Also this is my first time writing a Punch-Out fanfic so let me know if I missed any tags)

May 16th 2010 01:34PM

Round three started with someone with an Irish accent yelling the word "FIGHT" at the top of his lungs from across the once abandoned Minor Circuit building. That day was the day when the leader of the Underground Circuit would take on their most recent challenger.

The challenger in question was a boxer known by the Masses as Soda Popinski. He may not have been the World Champion but he was by no means a push over. Through the use of a fairly shady brand of soda only ever supplied in Russia, he was able to climb his way to rank #3 of the World Circuit. But he wasn't there to climb any more ranks, he was chosen to challenge them.

In front of him was the leader of the circuit. She was only five inches shorter than him and had a prosthetic in the place of her right arm, yet she was the one with the upper hand. The only damage he had dealt were a couple of miscellaneous bruises that under normal circumstances should've been worse than they actually looked. Meanwhile, one of his eyes was swollen shut by a black eye as he was starting to feel more and more out of energy.

Either consuming all that mystery soda had finally started to catch up to him or something else was up, it was only a matter of time until he was knocked out. He had already been knocked out twice so once he was knocked out it would be over, with no chance at a rematch. Guess if the WVBA weren't going to enforce their rules they would make their own.

He tried backing up into the ropes to guzzle another bottle down in an effort to restore his energy. But as soon as his glove touched the barbed wire that replaced the ropes a jolt of electricity was sent through his body. He lost his concentration and stumbled forward only to be met by a single jab from his opponent.

With the final blow to the chest, the soda drunken Russian had fallen down for the count. The bottle he had planned on drinking rolled out of the ring before he could reach it. The same person with the Irish accent could be heard yelling the phrase "KO" before everything faded to black.

The one who knocked him out stood above him with a look that would spark fear into any normal person. Her solid green eyes practically staring daggers into the unconscious man's soul. After a few seconds of just staring she let out a low chuckle before speaking in a tone similar. "If that doesn't warn those chumps at the WVBA not to cross us, I don't know what will."

Looking back at him she couldn't help but feel impressed by his efforts. Normally people would be thrown off by Aran Ryan's shenanigans and give up there. Yet here he was, face first on the once abandoned mat after having his ass handed to him by someone still missing her arm. Maybe she could get him to do her a favor.

By the time the Russian man had woken up he was in the rundown locker room of the building. Popinski may not have frequented the Minor Circuit when it was still in business, but he never remembered it being like this. The only lighting in the room were poorly

maintained luminescent lights that hung above. One of them appeared to have been covered in a thin layer of neon green spray paint that gave off a fairly green-ish glow to the rest of the room.

Almost all the lockers in that very room were covered with graffiti decals and caution tape wrapped over them. The only ones that weren't affected by the vandalism were a row of six lockers in front of him, each of them tagged with a specific shape. Four of them were tagged with playing card symbols, one was a red lightning bolt, and the last one was a star that appeared to have cracks in it. Was there a sixth member or was that meant for someone else?

On the bench across from him was the person who had beaten him. What is she doing here?

"You put up a good fight, Popinski, but people wouldn't call me Siren Sparky if I didn't leave an *electrifying* impression on them first," She remarked with the smirk on her face dripping into her words.

The room stayed quiet after those words, say for the lights above making a repetitive buzzing sound. Something about her rang too many bells for soda obsessed Russian. If memory serves right then that was the same woman who had served as a ringside girl of the World Circuit, before wiping the floor of that very same ring with the great merger of division's A and B. Though he could respect the efforts he still needed to know how those two were the same person. Before he could even get a word out, he was interrupted.

"I already know you're probably have some questions, but I don't have time for them. What I need to ask you is if you can do me a favor?"

A favor? What sort of favor would require him of all people to be put to it? Almost as if on queue, Sparky continued to talk, "You know about that kid who kicked everyone's asses last year?"

"Да" Popinski replied nodding his head.

"From what I heard, the WVBA plans on inviting a lot of previous boxers who had retired for an event they're holding to celebrate some kind of anniversary. If the kid decides to return and manages to beat my henchmen then you gotta give him this letter," She extended her hand to him while holding out an envelop. "Do you agree to this and fully except that this is now your responsibility?"

Did he really have a choice in the matter? She likely would've just continued to pester him until he obliged. He took the letter. "I'll see to it that the task is completed Mr.Скарлетт," He spoke with a much more calm voice he used outside of the ring.

Sparky had smirked at that knowing full well that this would be his answer. "Remember, if you refer to me by name when handin' him the letter your a dead man," She said before grabbing her bag and beginning to leave, "The others will pin point you to the exit like they had before. Right now I got a kid to walk home from school."

As she exited the room the quietness returned, and the questions flooded in. But out of all of them one stuck out like a sore thumb.

Can Sparky be trusted?

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